Mike and Melissa Episode 36- Mike Joins the NYPD... But Not The One You Might Be Thinking Of

By

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SCENE 1- INT. MIKE'S CAR, 2/25/2013, 11PM

I'm driving home, specifically I'm on Huron headed towards downtown. It's a cold, snowy, depressing night. I'm playing some black metal to match the mood. MELISSA brings some life to the scene by throwing confetti around.

MELISSA
Confetti here! Confetti there! Confetti EVERYWHERE!!! EVEN HERE TOO!!!

She throws a whole ton of confetti into the back seat. Why? Because it wasn't there before.

MIKE
Melissa, please. I'm trying to drive.

MELISSA
Sorry, hon. I'm just so ENTHUSIASTIC!!!

MIKE
Why? It's still fuckin' winter, it's cold, I still have no job and no direction in life, and pretty much all there is to do around here is go home and get drunk.

MELISSA
Well shoot, that's nothing to celebrate!

MIKE
Nope.

MELISSA
Well... let's make tonight a celebration of the start of something new then! Time to cast off the depression and inactivity of this winter and move forward to a brighter, self-realizing future! And I know the perfect way to start. We could... uh-

MEL's eyes catch an oncoming car.

MELISSA
We could NOT HIT THAT CAR!!! MIKE WATCH OUT!!!

(CONTINUED)

MIKE
WHAT?!?!?!? SHIT!!!!!!

Another car rolls through the intersection of Huron and 1st (failing to yield the right of way, I might add), and I obliterate their passenger side... along with my front end. Our cars come to a stop. I catch my breath, still jittery.

MELISSA
Holy shit... are you okay?

MIKE
Yeah... are you alright?

MELISSA
Yeah, man. Ain’t nothin’ these cars can do to me after all. But thanks for asking.

Lick. I return.

MIKE
So was this what you had in mind for your "celebration"?

MELISSA
...SURE WHY NOT? NOW STARTS THE FREEDOM FROM AUTOMOBILE ENSLAVEMENT AND A NEW APPRECIATION FOR THE PEDESTRIAN LIFESTYLE!!!... Or it could be a celebration that everyone’s still alive.

MIKE
Yeah, there is that.

We smile.

MELISSA
Uh... the people in the other car are all still alive, right?

MIKE
...Er... I should probably go check on that.

MELISSA
Yeah...

I get out of my car to investigate.

INTRO SEQUENCE!!!

SCENE 2- INT. MIKE’S APARTMENT, 2/27/2013, 9PM

I’m sitting at my desk in the dark, sipping on a 40 playing more depressing ass black metal. Only a few candles light the room. MELISSA comes in, and tuts at the scene.

MELISSA
Tut. I say TUT, Mike! Didn’t your therapist say that you should be using your happy light?

MIKE
Blah... therapist also thinks I should take drugs that make me a cranky, limp-dick good-for-nothing. So pardon me for not following their advice to the letter-

She moves my hand to turn on an overpowering fluorescent desk light. I hiss and recoil at it’s activation.

MELISSA
Oh brother... I take it you didn’t take your welbutrin today then?

MIKE
Hell no! Because they make me a cranky limp-dick good-for-nothing!!!

MELISSA
Right, I seem to remember you mentioning something about that... On a separate note, I know this Agalloch album is awesome and all, but you’ve been listening to it on repeat in the dark for two days. Don’t you think it’s time to listen to something else?

MIKE
...Sure. I got a bunch of other black metal I can listen to-

MELISSA
Know what? Here’s what we’ll do.

She makes me turn off the music.

MIKE
Hey, what-

She leads me over to the couch and we plop down on it.

MELISSA
We’ll just turn it off for two seconds. I’ve been a tad bit curious about why you’ve been wallowing in the dark so I wanted to talk to you about that. Cuz that seems interesting.

MIKE
Not really.

MELISSA
It is to me.

She puts her hand on my face and I brighten up a tad.

MIKE
Well shoot... what else is there to do? You know my spiel... at least before the accident I had a car. Now that it’s totaled I REALLY can’t go anywhere or do anything... I feel so... useless.

MELISSA
Yeah, I think I know how you feel...

MIKE
YOU??? You can poof anywhere you want, transform into whatever-

MELISSA
Yeah, but I was cooped up in your big dumb brain for 20 years, remember?

MIKE
Oh. Right.

MELISSA
Besides, it could have been so much worse. Nobody got hurt, you weren’t at fault, and your insurance should be able to cover at least some of the cost for a new car-

MIKE
But I don’t WANT a new car! My old one was my baby...

MELISSA
Well, hey, I can do something about the whole "baby" thing. Want me to pop out some Mikelissas?

MIKE
...Don’t joke about that... besides, even with the money I get back I probably won’t be able to afford a new one.

MELISSA
Oh, I’m sure your parents will be happy to cover the rest-

MIKE
UGH!!! That too! I’m always relying on my parents to do everything! They’ve paid for my education, my apartment, my old car, AND probably my new car, and all I’ve done is leech off ’em and wreck the car and be USELESS!!!

MELISSA
Well come now, you shouldn’t feel guilty about your parents helping you out. They ARE your parents, after all.

MIKE
Yeah, but I’m 23 years old! I shouldn’t have to run to mommy and daddy whenever anything goes wrong, right? I’m not even my own person and I never will be. I’m USELESS-

MELISSA
WELL if you feel that strongly about it, why not renew your search for a job? That’d get you some independence and stuff, AND it’d give you something to do other than sitting in the dark being all mopey dopey.

MIKE
Who would hire me? I’ve never had a real job in my life. I’m USELESS-

MELISSA
Don’t make me shake my head at you.

I shut up right quick.

MELISSA
Now, you were saying?

MIKE
...Well, I guess it wouldn’t hurt to ask around downtown... maybe now that I’m out of school someone might be willing to hire me?

MELISSA
Darn right!!! Tomorrow let’s get up bright and early and make the rounds.

MIKE
What qualifies as "bright and early"?

MELISSA
...Noon?

MIKE
Deal.

Smooch.

MELISSA
So... whadya wanna do the rest of tonight? Movie night? A romantic dinner? WORK ON YOUR SERIES???

MIKE
Hmm... all tempting... but I think I’m gonna listen to more black metal in the dark.

I get back on my computer. MEL slaps her forehead.

MELISSA
TUT! AGAIN I PROCLAIM TUTS AT YOUR ACTIVITIES!!! HOW DO YOU RESPOND???

MIKE
...By listening to black metal.

SCENE 3- EXT. WILLIAM STREET, 2/28/2013, 2PM

My DAD and I are walking around, holding a bunch of applications. I don’t look particularly encouraged.

MIKE
Thanks for helping me go job hunting, though to be honest I’m not sure if having you here helps our hurts my chances.

DAD
What do you mean by THAT?

MIKE
Nothing... never mind.

DAD
Well, if you can’t find anything, keep in mind your sister’s two years older than you and we’re paying for all her expenses still, so it seems only fair-

MIKE
Yeah, but she’s in med school. I’m in NO school.

DAD
YET. Have you heard from any grad schools yet?

MIKE
No... and honestly I don’t wanna think about that right now.

I sigh and keep walking. We pass by NYPD.

DAD
"Help wanted". Wanna check it out?

MIKE
...Not really, but might as well.

We go in.

SCENE 4- INT. NYPD FRONT ROOM, 2/28/2013, 2:15PM

We walk up to the counter. DOMINIC, a fat and fake-jolly Italian, and ALEX, a worn and high-strung guy of vague ethnicity (he’s Egyptian. Who knew?) are behind there doing counter people stuff.

ALEX
Yes, sir, what can I do for you?

DAD
Hi, my son was interested in applying for a job.

ALEX
So... you say you want a job here?

DAD
Uh... no, my son-

ALEX
Then let him ask me himself! He’s an adult, isn’t he?

DAD
Well, I-

ALEX
(to me)
Hey, how old are you?

MIKE
23...

ALEX
Yeah, so why you gotta talk for him? Let HIM ask me.

DAD steps back, and I step up hesitantly.

ALEX
So whadya want, kid?

MIKE
...I want a job.

ALEX
Eh? I can’t hear you so well.

MIKE
I want a job.

ALEX
Well, we got some of those. Right now we need drivers. You got a car?

MIKE
Er... my car just got totaled-

DAD
But we’re picking up a new one tomorrow.

MIKE
...We are?

ALEX
I’M talking to your son, sir.

DOMINIC
Come over here for a sec.

He motions me back behind the counter. I follow him, and my dad starts to follow too but ALEX cuts him off.

ALEX
Sir, he wasn’t talking to you.

DAD
Oh, but-

ALEX
SIR, he was talking to your boy.
Stay on other side of the counter.

DAD
But I wasn’t-

ALEX
SIR, STAY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COUNTER-

They go on like that while DOMINIC shows me the schedule.

DOMINIC
So, this guy, I’m gonna fire him because he got arrested. And he sucks anyways. Then these three others just quit on the spot in the last week... what’s your availability like?

MIKE
I’m pretty much open all week, really... uh, why’d they quit-

DOMINIC
Great. So we’ll schedule you from 5pm to 4am Friday thru Sunday.

He writes me in on the schedule.

MIKE
Uh, those hours aren’t really-

DOMINIC
Congrats, you passed your interview!

ALEX
Sir, don’t make me go get my gun from my car.

DAD
...WHAT?!?

MIKE
Er... what’s his deal? Is he always like that?

DOMINIC
...Yeah...

MIKE
Isn’t that bad for business-

DOMINIC
I don’t care, kid. I just don’t care. [pause] I’m taking the vespa and getting drunk with my friends. If my wife calls... don’t tell her where I am.

He grabs a helmet and a bottle of wine and just kinda walks away.

ALEX
Okay, I go get my gun now.

He goes to get his gun I guess. I stand there for a second, with a look on my face like "what have I gotten myself into???" DAD looks at me like WTF.

MIKE
Well... I guess I work here now.

Congrats??? More like COMMERCIAL BREAK!!!

SCENE 5- INT. NYPD FRONT ROOM, 3/1/2013, 5:01PM

Day 1. I walk up to the counter.

ALEX
Yes, sir, what you want?

MIKE
Uh... I’m here to work?

ALEX
Oh, it’s you. Why you come through the front?

MIKE
Was I supposed to come in somewhere else?

ALEX
Yes, come in the back! We don’t want the customers to see you drivers. Now go back there, I clock you in under "road runner". Have someone back there show you the ropes... I don’t feel like it.

I hesitantly walk into the back. As I go, CRISS passes me briskly, holding a dirty pizza tray.

CRISS
That’s an awesome hat, by the way.

MIKE
Oh, thank you...

I also pass by BOB, the redneck Asian, who’s working the ovens.

BOB
You new here, boss?

MIKE
Huh? Oh, yeah...

BOB
Cool. I’m Bob. Take these salads to Zaragon, and I’ll tell you how things work here when you get back.

He grabs a salad and hands it to me.

MIKE
Uh... where’s Zaragon?

BOB
What, are you not from around here?

MIKE
No, I am, actually, I just don’t-

BOB
619 East U. You know THAT, right?

MIKE
Yeah.

BOB
Good, I was worried you didn’t speak English. Like the wetbacks we got slingin’ pizzas back here.

RAUL and ROBERTO, some of the resident pizza makers, glare at Bob.

RAUL
Fuck off, Chino maricon!

BOB
YOU DON’T LIKE IT??? You don’t like it. I love you, Raul. I want you.

He continues to harass RAUL, and I just kinda head to the exit. I pass by PIGGLET, who’s staring blankly into the void of his own existence.

MIKE
Uh... Bob? I think a homeless guy wandered into the back...?

BOB
No, that’s just Pigglet, one of the other drivers- PIGGLET, I GAVE YOU AN ORDER FIVE MINUTES AGO! WHY ARE YOU STILL HERE???

PIGGLET
...Huh?

I make a b-line for the door, worried about PIGGLET’s well-being.

SCENE 6- EXT. EAST UNIVERSITY STREET, 3/1/2013, 5:10PM

I’m driving along (in my NEW CAR!), religiously studying my receipt to make sure I have everything. I look over and see 619 on my left. MEL’s in the passenger seat, holding the food and diligently scouting the street for the address.

MELISSA
619... 619... THERE IT IS!!!

MIKE
Well, finding it was easy enough. Now I just gotta park-

I look up and down the street... there are a bunch of open spaces, but as soon as I move my car to any of them them a bunch of stupid demon chariots take my spot!!!

MIKE
HOLD UP!!! WHAT THE FUCK ARE THESE THINGS???

MELISSA
Oh I probably should have mentioned something about those earlier... now that you’re a delivery dude, you have to deal with delivery demons. Y’know, little punkass spirits who conspire to make your job harder and thereby make your life miserable and stuff. They’re pretty obnoxious, but ultimately powerless if you ignore ’em-

MIKE
FUCK ME!!! THEY’RE TAKING UP ALL THE SPOTS!!! I’M GONNA HAVE TO LIKE PARK IT 5 MILES AWAY AND WALK IT!!!

MELISSA
Babe, relax! Why not just pull into the side of that garage and turn your hazard lights on? Nobody’ll care-

MIKE
BUT WHAT IF THE COPS COME BY AND WRITE ME A TICKET?!?!? AND WAIT A MINUTE... THIS IS A CREDIT CARD ORDER!!!

MELISSA
Yeah? So?

MIKE
I DON’T HAVE A PEN!!! HOW ARE THEY SUPPOSED TO SIGN THE SLIP IF I DON’T HAVE A PEN FOR THEM TO SIGN IT WITH?!?!? OH GOD, THIS JOB WAS SUPPOSED TO BE SO EASY BUT THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS THEY DIDN’T PREPARE ME FOR!!! I CAN’T DO THIS!!! I’M USELESS!!!

I stop and turn at a stop sign, and pretty soon as I’m going down this street I notice that my car is going upwards on a vertical road into the sky.

MIKE
...Huh. Delivery demons, I take it?

MELISSA
What, you mean you’ve never noticed that roadway that goes way straight up into the sky for no reason? Don’t you LIVE in this city?

MIKE
...I’m starting to have my doubts... how do I turn around?

SCENE 7- EXT. NYPD BACKALLEY, 3/1/2013, 5:40PM

I load up my car, now with a pizza in a bag! MEL holds it for me.

MIKE
Okay... that first one was just jitters. I got my head on straight, I triple-checked my ticket, looked up where it is on the map, AND I got a pen. Nothing can stop me now!

MELISSA
Woop woop! So where we goin’?

MIKE
...North Campus...

I back my car out of the alley, almost getting obliterated by a speeding demon chariot in the process.

MIKE
JESUS FUCKIN’ CHRIST!!!

SCENE 8- EXT. NORTH CAMPUS, 3/1/2013, 6:10PM

Bird’s eye view of me aimlessly driving around the labyrinth that is north campus. No really it’s a literal maze that I can’t find my way out of.

MIKE
WHO FUCKIN’ DESIGNED THIS PLACE???

MELISSA
Delivery demons. They like mazes.

MIKE
MAZES SUCK AND I HATE THEM!!!

MELISSA
...I think they’re cool...

SCENE 9- EXT. NYPD BACKALLEY, 3/1/2013, 7PM

I’m back in my car with a new order.

MIKE
Okay... THIS time I’ll get it right. To the hospital!

MELISSA
Yay... hospital?

I try to back out again, and I almost get obliterated by another chariot.

MIKE
GODDAMN IT!!! EVERY FUCKING TIME!!!

MELISSA
Seriously. With this stupid alleyway pretty soon they’ll have to deliver YOU to the hospital.

MIKE
Ha.

MELISSA
HA!!!

SCENE 10- EXT. "MED INN", 3/1/2013, 7:30PM

I take my bag from the passenger seat... but I notice something is amiss. I peep open the bag and a bunch of stupid delivery demons come scampering out. I look in and notice THE PIZZA BOX HAS COLLAPSED IN THE MIDDLE AND IS FOLDED IN HALF!!!

MIKE
Well shit...

ASSHOLE #1
Hey, that ain’t my fuckin’ pizza, is it?

This ASSHOLE in scrubs comes up out of nowhere, with a bone to pick.

MIKE
I’m sorry... see what happened was-

ASSHOLE #1
You call your manager right now and tell him I want a new fuckin’ pie-

MIKE
WAIT!... Think of it this way. You can also use this pizza box as... a boomerang!

I chuck the box boomerang style, but it just falls onto the parking lot, pizza contents spilling everywhere. ASSHOLE 1 goes into conniptions.

MIKE
What? You weren’t gonna eat it anyways.

MELISSA
You tell him Mike! That’s EXACTLY what you should have done.

SCENE 11- EXT. WILMOT CT., 3/2/2013, 9PM

Day 2. I park the car.

MIKE
Yeah well... hopefully I won’t have to deal with anything like that tonight.

I get out of my car, and MEL hands me my bag.

MIKE
Thank you, sweetie.

Smooch.

MELISSA
I must say, you’ve been much calmer tonight, it’s been nice.

MIKE
Well, what can I say? I think I’m finally gettin’ the hang of this.

I peruse my ticket.

MIKE
Alright, Wilmot court. 10 inch pizza pie with pepperoni and root beer, 8-piece buffalo wings- ROOT BEER?!?!?!? WHEN DID THIS ROOT BEER SHOW UP?!?!?

MELISSA
Hmm... looks like delivery demon font. Either that or you probably need to check these tickets more closely before you leave.

MIKE
...Nope, I bet it’s demon font-

The ASSHOLE (#2) opens the door.

ASSHOLE #2
Sup.

MIKE
Hey, I forgot your drink...

THIS IS THE WORST THING ANYONE HAS EVER DONE TO ME, says the guy’s face.

ASSHOLE #2
Uh... can I get like money back???

I sigh and open my wallet.

MIKE
Shit... all I have is a $5-

ASSHOLE #2
That’ll do.

He takes his food and my $5 and slams the door in my face.

MIKE
But... drinks are only $1.85...

SCENE 12- EXT. MARKLEY HALL, 3/2/2013, 11PM

I drive my car down Washington Hghts. I pull up to the front of the dorm.

MIKE
Now I just gotta call the customer and tell ’em I’m here. Finally an easy 123 order. And look, I even remembered the drinks!!!

I point proudly at the drinks in the back.

MELISSA
Awesome!!! And I must say it’s pretty impressive driving all this way with the pizza bag on top of the car.

MIKE
WHAT?!?!?!?

I look over and notice that the pizza bag is NOT in the passenger seat where it belongs. I slam on the brakes, get out, and look at the top of my car. Nothing there.

MELISSA
Well, shucks. It would have been impressive anyways...

MIKE
FUCK ME!!! GODDAMN IT!!! IS THIS THE DOING OF DEMONS?!?!?!?

MELISSA
No, pretty sure you just forgot it was up there... but maybe they MADE you forget?

MIKE
...THAT MUST BE IT! THOSE WILY FUCKERS!!!

VOICE ON PHONE
...Excuse me???

MIKE
What?... Oh hi!... Hey, you’re not gonna believe this...

SCENE 13- EXT. NYPD ALLEYWAY, 3/3/2013, 10:30PM

Day 3. I get out of the car, grimacing something fierce. MEL follows, still upbeat as ever.

MELISSA
Hey, Mike, chill out. Tonight’s actually been going pretty smooth so far.

MIKE
Pfft... it’s only a matter of time before I screw something else up or
(MORE)

MIKE (cont'd)
some demons do some bullshit or something. Man... why did I want a job again?

MELISSA
Hey, come on now. It's not so bad. [pause] I bet you're just cranky cuz you're hungry, aren't ya?

MIKE
...Now that you mention it, yeah... I haven't really eaten anything since... uh...

MELISSA
Here, take 5 minutes and deliver YOURSELF some food for a change.

MIKE
Well, alright, if it isn't too busy-

SCENE 14- INT. NYPD KITCHEN, 3/3/2013, 10:35PM

As I enter, the kitchen is in a panic. Demons have taken over and are throwing tickets, faxes, and what-have-you's every which way. There's about 20 orders on top of the oven, and smoke is billowing up out of the ovens.

MIKE
Well, so much for that...

BOB comes up in a cold sweat.

BOB
TAKE 'EM ALL!!!

MIKE
...Okay... Why?

BOB
BECAUSE I SAID SO!!!

MIKE
...You really want me to take ALL of these? Shouldn't I leave some for Pigglet?

SCENE 15- EXT. KALAMAZOO, 3/3/2013, CONTINUOUS

Cutaway to PIGGLET entering into Kalamazoo county.

PIGGLET
Aw shit, I think I went too far...

SCENE 14 AGAIN

BOB
DON’T ARGUE WITH ME, JUST TAKE ’EM!!!

MIKE
But I don’t think this is a good idea. I’m not even sure I can fit all these-

BOB
YOU DON’T LIKE IT? PUNCH OUT AND GO HOME!!!

I look around, weighing my options.

MIKE
Alright, see ya.

I move to walk out.

MELISSA
Yeah... maybe you should have done that.

SCENE 16- EXT. BRAEBURN CIRCLE, 3/4/2013, 12:30AM

I’m in my car, speeding recklessly down a residential development, racing past a bunch of demon chariots as I go. I look like I’m about to burst.

MIKE
Nah, it hasn’t been so bad. It would have been a little easier if I WASN’T taking a ton of orders on opposite ends of town, but at this point I’m just trying to make the best out of a bad situation- GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY WAY!!!

I blast by a stupid demon child on a skateboard, who flips me off as I pass..

MIKE
And hey, he'll understand, right? Two and a half hours after he ordered isn't TOO bad... right?

MEL frowns but says nothing. I pass by ASSHOLE #3's place, who seems to have been waiting for me. I stop my car, grab my bag, and go to his stupid ass.

MIKE
Hey, sorry about the delay. It's been a rough night, believe me-

ASSHOLE #3
I want you to call your manager and tell him I'm not paying for this. Because I'm sure the food is cold by now and two hours is just too long to wait. Tooooooooooo long.

I look down at my feet, trying not to just start crying right then and there.

ASSHOLE #3
...Are you gonna call him?

MIKE
Yeah, I will... I just...

I sigh, pull out my phone, and dial the store.

BOB
NYPD, hold.

MIKE
Wait, I-

The obnoxious hold jingle pops up.

MIKE
Ugh. They put me on hold. You know what? Just take it. I don't care.

I give him his stupid food. He investigates it as I go to my car. A delivery demon explodes his sauce and runs out.

ASSHOLE #3
HEY! DO YOU SEE THIS??? THE SAUCE EXPLODED ALL OVER MY FOOD!!!

MIKE
Yeah? Well you get what you paid for, asshole...

MELISSA
Nah, you shouldn’ta said that.

SCENE 17- EXT. HURON PARKWAY, 3/4/2013, 1AM

I’m driving along some more. I’m shaking with pent-up anger for the night. MELISSA is rubbing my back.

MELISSA
But hey, don’t worry about it. Sometimes delivery demons take the form of customers too, so...

MIKE
Sure, makes sense.

I breathe in deep, then I FREAK THE FUCK OUT!!! I punch the roof of my car like 50 times.

MIKE
FUCK THIS JOB!!! FUCK ALL THESE FUCKING PEOPLE AND THESE FUCKING ORDERS AND FUCKING EVERYTHING!!! I CAN’T DO THIS!!! I CAN’T DO ANYTHING!!! I’M FUCKIN’ USELESS!!!

My car starts going up another one of those demonic vertical roads.

MIKE
AND THIS!!! WHAT IS THIS??? WHY DOES THIS KEEP FUCKIN’ HAPPENING TO ME??? GOD FUCKIN’ DAMN IT ALL!!! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARGHHHH!!!

MEL sits calmly while I continue to freak out. Eventually I peter out.

MELISSA
Done?

MIKE
...Yeah...

MELISSA
Alright, here’s the dealio. You’re NOT useless, because you’ve actually put in the effort to find an honest job and you’ve done your best to follow through with it despite not having any experience. But the truth is jobs like this
(MORE)

MELISSA (cont'd)
kinda suck major dick. Hardly anyone ever does them for fun, they do them because they want/need the money. BUT you wanted this job to take on more responsibility and to learn to provide for yourself. And in spite of all the troubles and demons you've been through the past couple days, for the first time you've earned actual decent money that wasn't from your parents. And it WAS pretty decent money, no?

MIKE
...I guess. Though I think they did short me like $20 when they cashed me out-

MELISSA
Well, that's a load of poopy. But that's not even what's important. What IS important is that this is the first step into being able to be your own person. That said, you shouldn't settle for doing this into your 30's-

MIKE
Oh, HELL no.

MELISSA
BUT for the time being keep it all in perspective. This is something to do and something to pay the bills until it's time to move on to bigger and better things. And yeah, there'll be some growing pains and mistakes here and there, but really the world won't end because one order got messed up or was a few minutes late or whatever. And if nothing else brightens your outlook, then shit, think of it as getting paid to drive around listening to metal all day!

MIKE
Heh, and that's something I'd do for free!

MELISSA
There ya go! Also... I bet it sure beats handling poop parasites.

MIKE
Ugh... don’t remind me.

MELISSA
I just did!

Lick exchange.

MIKE
I love you, Melissa.

MELISSA
And I love you, Mike.

I drive my car up into the clouds.

MIKE
So where does this road end up anyways?

MELISSA
Wherever you want it to, really. There’s no such silly thing as "delivery demons," and they certainly didn’t build this road. It’s all just an imaginary construct of your self-created overanxiety OR a metaphor for your life’s journey. You decide!

The clouds break, and the road ends unexpectedly. My car shoot up and we fall back in freefall.

MELISSA
Or it ends there...

SCENE 18- EXT. NYPD BACKALLEY, 3/4/2013, 4AM

I exit the building. BOB sees me to the door.

BOB
Have a good night. Thanks for staying together for that shitshow.

MIKE
Yeah, well... at least I made some money.

We do a thingy, then he closes the door and locks it. I get in my car and drive forward.

MIKE
Well, I survived. Now I got 4-days off until my next 3 11 hour closing shifts on my bizarro world schedule. But hey, I guess this is my new life.

MELISSA
Just for now. And until then... LET THE CELEBRATING RESUME!!!

More confetti! I pass by a curve in the alley.

MIKE
Uh oh. Remember what happened at your LAST confetti party-

I hear a scrape against my car. Sure enough, I’ve just scraped my car hardcore against a dumpster on my way out. I get out and investigate.

MIKE
God fucking damn it...

MELISSA
Y’know... forget everything I said earlier. If your first weekend WAS actually like this, I would have told you to quit like aeons ago.

MIKE
Yeah... this would have been a little ridiculous, wouldn’t it?

My car explodes into a million pieces!!! We emerge from the explosion charred in cartoony fashion. Classic!

MELISSA
Just a bit.

OUTRO SEQUENCE!!!

The truth is... I’m pretty much useless unless anywhere other than a writing desk :P